

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVII, No. 1

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

September 2005

Ted Wilson, M.D., Capt. U.S.N. Ret.

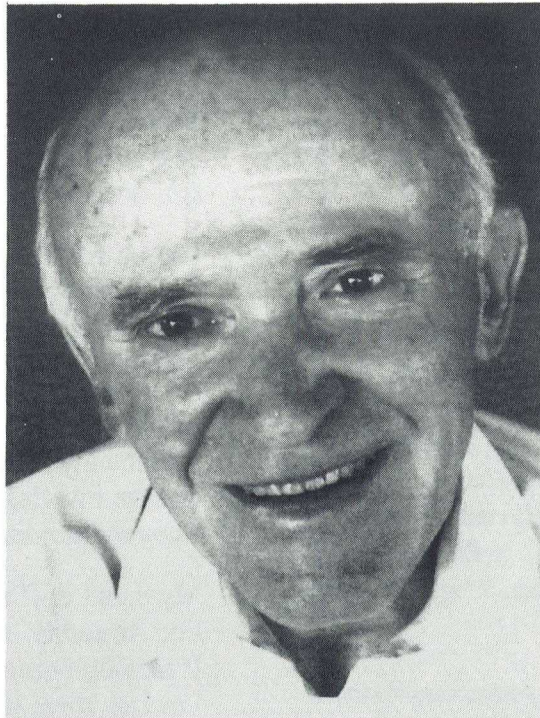
Text & photo by Dick Hutzler

To see him down on his knees digging in the dirt you might have difficulty realizing that Ted was all that the heading says. But, of course, we all know him - perhaps much better - for his fine lectures on the functions and malfunctions of the human body and for his role as chair of the BRA Health Committee.

Indeed he did have a notable career as a naval surgeon. (That puts one in mind of the old gag of "my gosh, how these surgeons do specialize!" - which also raises the matter of buying "naval" oranges at the Giant. But I stray.) Ted joined the Navy in 1942 and spent the next four years at medical school, which meant, of course, that, while he missed World War II, he had plenty of involvement with active warfare in both Korea and Viet Nam. For the Korean engagement he was first the ship's medical officer on a heavy cruiser, then the CO of a field hospital (similar to a M.A.S. H.) with the 1st. Marine Division, and then the Executive Officer of the 1st Medical Battalion of that division. During the Viet Nam action he served as Executive Officer and Chief of Surgery aboard the Navy hospital ship U.S.S. Repose. In the course of these duties he was awarded both the Bronze Star and the Legion of Merit.

Ted recalls that the medical staff aboard the U.S.S. Repose on the one hand tended to be uneasy when they had too little to do, while, on the other hand, having a lot to do meant that we were suffering casualties. To some degree that problem was

eased by serving the medical needs of the natives - wherever. He recalls having a separate ward aboard the ship for the locals. At the field hospitals in Korea people would line up for help and he had to use the services of a local interpreter to do initial triage because the demand for service far exceeded the capacity of the unit.



Interspersed with his overseas assignments he served intermittently as a surgeon at Naval Hospitals in Boston, MA, Oakland, CA and Bethesda, MD. And for the last six years of his thirty-year Naval career, he occupied the position of Chief of Surgery at the U.S. Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, retiring in 1972. But that was retirement in name only, as he then went on to become the Chief of Surgery at Union Memorial Hospital here in Baltimore, at the same time joining the Hopkins medical faculty as Associate Professor of Surgery. Finally,

in 1985, he **really** retired, spending his time with his wife traveling the world with Elderhostels and other groups and visiting with his scattered children in places like Roanoke, Boston and the Adirondacks. He lost his wife in 1999 and moved here with us in 2000.

Once here he lost no time finding work to do, starting off by joining the likes of Mac McCartney, Charlie Hobelmann and Chris Slaughter in the care of the rose garden. Clearly that task has now become his alone - and a fine job he is doing of it. Just in case you haven't checked it out lately, please know that, *(continued on page 2)*

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(*Ted Wilson, from page 1*) it's no longer purely a rose garden, he has actually labeled every plant, so you don't need to find him to ask what "that yellow one" is. And his work isn't limited to the rose garden; just the other day I spotted him getting his hands dirty at the focal point of the nature trails. Actually he works wherever there's work to be done. And along with his stint at gardening he manages to find time for Health Committee business and for sharing his knowledge with us through his lectures. Nor has he been all strictly business; some of us recall his spectacular high jinks dancing with Jaquie Auger and others at "Let's Dance" parties.

Quite a guy! We're fortunate to have him among us.

ARTIFICIAL WOMAN

By *Nancy Rowe*

I might complain about my brain
Whose marbles roll around,
Conspiring to confuse my thoughts,
My memory to confound.

I'm gray-haired. old and tired. but wise
I know whereof I speak;
With all the aids I have right now
I won't go up the creek.

Every morning I brace for the day !
As I put my right foot forward,
For if I don't, I can't stand up
What's more, I can't walk doorward.

I plug along full speed ahead
With both ears plugged to hear
The roaring room of residents
But not the voices near.

I scrutinize the wooded hill
For shapes that I can see
Like lying dogs or telling tails
Or stumps stumping me.

At evening when I go to bed
I brace my hand with plaster,
Encase my glasses just in case
They're threatened with disaster.

My ears I doff and put in a purse
For "R and R" till morn;
If ringing arguments are heard
I switch them to conform.

We value our enamelware
Our china, bone. and stone,
But in the mouth it's falsity:
My teeth are all my own!

Mini Barn Sale

Don't forget the mini Barn Sale on September 30th on the lower level. It starts at 7:30 am and ends at 12:30 pm. Look for clothing, furniture, Christmas goods and handbags.

Come see the fashion show on Wednesday, September 28th at noon in the MDR.

WORK AND PLAY

Wood Carving by Larry Schneider

Editor's note:

Larry and Irene Schneider moved to Broadmead 16 months ago. They have both been busy-- Larry in the Woodshop, and Irene involved with grandchildren and volunteer activities. Prior to coming to Broadmead, Larry had sporadically carved pieces in wood, but not in as great concentration as he has worked recently. Retirement in Broadmead has brought him the time and space he needs to focus on his wood sculptures. This abstract piece is one of a series he plans for a future exhibit. It is exquisite!

Artist's Statement:

In this abstract sculpture I am representing the interesting relationships of work and play.

Many regard work and play as opposite, even conflicting, behaviors - work as necessary drudgery that absorbs time and prevents one from doing things that are enjoyable, and play as times filled with fun activities such as hobbies and games. It is easier to pour one's energies into play than into work. As Mister Rogers once said, "Many people work very hard at things they do for fun."

But work can also be creative, original and fun. We all know of inventors who turn hobbies into businesses, and skilled game players who make sport a career.

I picked gears to represent "work" because gears are necessary components of most machines that help men do monotonous work. Like much human work activity, the motion of gears is ordered, controlled and predictable. On the other hand, the free flowing ribbon that winds through the sculpture representing "play" is casual, unpredictable and frivolous.

Dimensions: 31"H x 11"W x 4"D

Wood: Cherry -

(Carved from solid block)

Finish: Tung oil varnish



What I believe

From the autobiography of Martha Gross

I cannot end this tale without a few words about what I believe. When I rejected, for myself, the faith of my parents, there had to be -- eventually -- something to fill the void. Mal and I consider ourselves Unitarians, whose essence is Ethics.

Back when "Sonny" was four years old and we were visiting in Portland, he was having his lunch in Mother's kitchen, and I was ironing. He looked up at me speculatively and said, "Mama, I'm a big boy, but not as big as Daddy." "That's right," I agreed. "Well," he continued, "Mary Sue (his younger cousin) isn't as big as I am, but she's bigger than a baby. Mamma, before you are a baby, what are you?" ... Linda about the same age speculated on the same question (see "God and Sinners" in the "stories.") Well, where did we come from -- and where will we go at the end?

I do not believe there is an omnipotent God observing and directing our every thought and action. I do not believe I will be punished, or rewarded, after my death. Yet neither do I believe that this wonderful, infinite and incomprehensible world is a random thing. I believe there is a force that governs it all, and that each and everyone is part of that force. Call it "Life Force" if you will -- and every other human being and living creature is part of it. We are all part of the universe, and in this way, and only in this way, will we, I believe, have immortality.

But I strongly believe that it matters very much how we live -- and not because we want to save our souls in some distant future, but because it is our task to live responsibly. We all have choices and not facing up to that fact is a choice in itself.

I believe that Jesus Christ was a very great person, probably the greatest teacher who has ever lived but not because of the way he came into this world, nor how he left it -- but because of the way he lived what he taught.

I am appalled by the crimes that have been and are now being committed in the name of religion -- the Inquisition, the persecution of dissenters, the Holocaust, the Bosnians against their Muslim neighbors. And, as I write this, the persecution of homosexuals by -- of all people -- the Christians and the closed minds of the Far Right. Yet Jesus said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," knowing full well that no one of us is without sin.

And I think I have a little Quaker in me, for I think war is evil. And I believe that not all people are good - I think some are evil, totally and completely. Hitler and Saddam Hussein are examples, as are the criminals on our streets who shoot to kill -- wantonly.

I believe that those of us who have been fortunate

enough to have had supportive parents, loving homes, and opportunities for growth, and because of the country into which we were fortunate enough to have been born, have a responsibility to give back what we can.

So, what do I believe? I believe in honesty, in integrity, in choice, and in responsibility. And I believe in the power of love. Love of self, love of family, love of friends, love of country -- love of life. It is all worth while.

I have had a wonderful life!

Many of you may remember Martha Gross as an interesting, yes fascinating woman. She lived at Broadmead with her husband Malvern from 1979 until 2002. Malvern died in 1998.

Her memoirs are in our archives in the BRA office for your perusal. We offer here parts of the last chapter.

Paula Balser brought the writings to my attention. They may not all be your beliefs, nor mine, but I found this selection well worth reading and hope that you will too.

Fran Beasley

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REVIVING A DYING SPECIES

by Colin MacLachlan

A fellowship program recently initiated at Columbia University and designed to produce old time theatrical "Producers" will bear the name of T. Edward Hambleton, a resident at Broadmead for many years. Officially named the "T Fellowship" it honors the man who founded the Phoenix Theater in New York and was the producer of a host of Broadway and off-Broadway plays - a breed now nearing extinction, replaced by a team or a committee.

The effort at reviving the breed is attributed to Hal Prince, producer of "West Side Story," "Fiddler On The Roof" and "Cabaret". It involves preparing producers to scout out a product and sell it to potential backers. Creative producing, in Prince's mind, "involves one person coming up with the idea for a play or musical and then casting its authors, composers, the entire creative system."

Prince maintains that T's support of Ellis Rabb and the Phoenix Theater "represents the ultimate in creative producing." Prince said, "T is stubborn and determined and anything that bore his name was of the highest quality. The best actors in America came out of that Phoenix factory."

ADVENTURES IN LEARNING

By Nancy Boyce

In October, Adventures in Learning will offer three talks and a bus trip, aimed at increasing Broadmead residents' knowledge and appreciation of Maryland's exciting Thoroughbred industry, now threatened by slot machines at tracks in neighboring states.

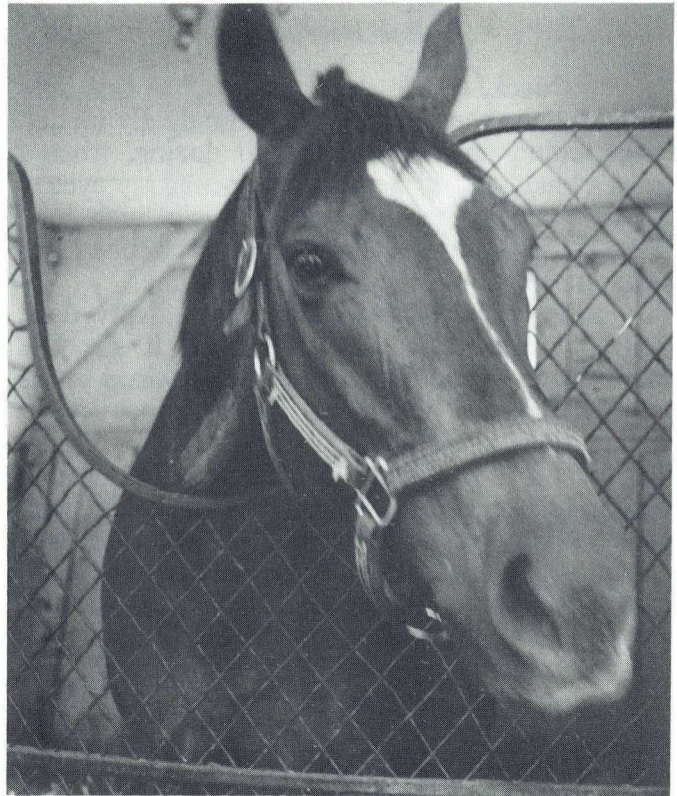
First on October 12th the history of racing will be covered by Joe Kelley, who was a racing editor of the Washington Evening Star for over 30 years, a columnist for the Baltimore Sun for 25 years and publicist for Laurel race course and the Maryland Million.

Next on October 19th Michael Pons will describe the rewards and pitfalls of breeding horses. He and his family operate the oldest breeding farm in Maryland, Country Life near Bel Air.

The following week on October 26th there will be a bus trip to the Maryland Stallion Station off Tufton Avenue, where Don Litz will introduce us to its five beautiful stallions, sent to Maryland by famed Lane's End Farm in Kentucky. We will tour the barn and breeding shed and enjoy a spectacular view of Sagamore Farm in the broad Worthington Valley below. The bus leaves at 10 A.M. and returns at 12 noon.

Finally on November 2nd Charles Fenwick, Maryland's well known horseman, will describe the thrills and spills of jumping races. He has won numerous timber races, including the Maryland Hunt Cup and the Grand National of Aintree in England.

We are lucky to have four experts in this colorful sport and industry share their knowledge and expertise with us.



NOTE:

As a coincidental prelude to the October Adventures in Learning series, a **Broader View** tour was offered in June to the Country Life horse farm of Michael Pons in Bel Air. We were treated to close up views of mares with their foals grazing in the meadow and handsome stallions posing in their stalls.

After the tour, we lunched on Broadmead boxed fare enjoying the breezes on the Pons' wrap-around veranda. And then a special surprise from the hospitable Pons: fresh strawberries and **REAL** whipped cream. A pleasant time indeed.

Note & Photo by Jane Earhart

FLYING THINGS

By Carolyn T. Underwood

The dragonfly, blue-black
Darts around ready to attack,
But never does - it's all an act.

The butterfly flutters the air
With dainty wings,
But never sings.

And the wasp
Never sings,
He stings.

Ladybugs protect the roses.
For aphids they have good noses.

The bee makes honey from all sorts of flowers.
She buzzes and buzzes
Around them for hours.

But my favorite flying thing is a bird.
To be able to sing like them would be a treat.
This morning I heard
"Peek -a-boo," and "tweet-tweet-tweet."

QUACK

By Bob Herrmann

"Quack, quack, quack, quack," at first very faint down by the pond, and then gradually louder. I was sitting up on the hill, half dozing, when I heard a loud "quack" nearby and opened my eyes to see two very large snow white ducks with long necks, yellow-orange bills and orange webbed feet walking past me, quacking the whole time.

My granddaughter, Elise said, "why don't you hold him," and before I knew it she had grabbed one of the ducks, pinned his wings to his body, and placed him in my lap with instructions on how to keep his wings under control. I did my best but I was wearing a bathing suit and he was digging his webbed feet into my thighs -and it hurt. Elise had pity on me and took "Doodle" away to a comfortable chair where the duck relaxed and appeared to fall asleep in her arms.

"Doodle" was given to Elise at Easter a year ago and immediately adopted Elise as a parent, following her all over the farm. Betsy, my daughter-in-law, purchased the little yellow duckling at the Giant Food store where she was told that he was a Peking duck, and, since he was a male, he would have beautiful white feathers when he was full grown. "Doodle" turned out to be such a great companion, and so much fun, that Betsy bought another one just like him for Charlotte, my other granddaughter, who named him "Wilbur".

Elise finally released Doodle who immediately joined Wilbur and they both waddled up to the barn where supper of duck food was waiting for them. They preferred to spend the night in the barn where they were safe from the fox, but in the morning they waddled down to the pond, quacking the whole way.

As soon as Betsy unlocked the gate. they spent the day on the pond, catching small fish and eating vegetation, , and then returned to the barn at dusk.

For about one year Betsy and the girls had a great time showing off their beautiful white male Peking ducks, Doodle and Wilbur. Then, one morning, Betsy discovered a large egg in Doodle's nest. Doodle was not a boy, Doodle was a girl! But Doodle was not necessarily a boy's name- it could just as well be a girl? So it worked out beautifully: Doodle a girl (or hen) who-laid eggs, -and Wilbur, a boy (or drake). Then the next morning Betsy discovered an egg in each of the nests Wilbur was a girl also! Too late now! The names stuck. Doodle and Wilbur continue to waddle down to the pond every morning, back to the barn every evening, and each continue to lay an egg every night.

BLUEBIRDS A'PLENTY

By Marie Litz

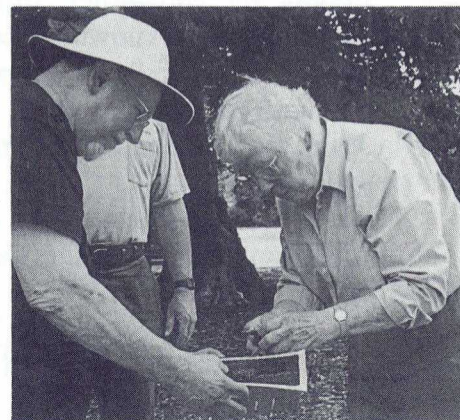
Eastern Bluebird (Sialia stalis), 7", (Sexes similar; the male bright blue with a reddish- brown breast and white belly, the female is duller.) (From The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds.)

Well, we banded 20 Bluebirds this year at Broadmead, the third time in 15 years that we have done that - 20 Bluebird nestlings, which I as a licensed bander for the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior got to band. Competition for nest sites may have held the numbers down in other years. No one really knows. However, this year abundant food, optimal weather and no spraying of pesticides may have accounted for our bumper crop.

Queenie, a regular at Broadmead, returned for the eighth year to thrill onlookers as she soared above the front meadow. My task was easier this year thanks to four monitors who signed up for Bluebird duty, taking over from Nancy Rowe: Ted Wilson, Leo Weiss, Peggy Taliaferro, and Bob Long.

They are responsible for checking on the egg-laying - usually one a day - and keeping the boxes in which the nests are laid clean for the 14 to 16 days in which the birds lie about with room service until they are fledged.

It's a demanding job. But in the end it's worth all the effort. I have been banding Bluebirds since 1997 and the beauty of these birds as they soar across a meadow remains a shock, a surprise and a continuing source of delight.



Marie Litz bands a baby bluebird with help from Leo Weiss while Allen Trumbaugh watches. Photo by Colin MacLachlan

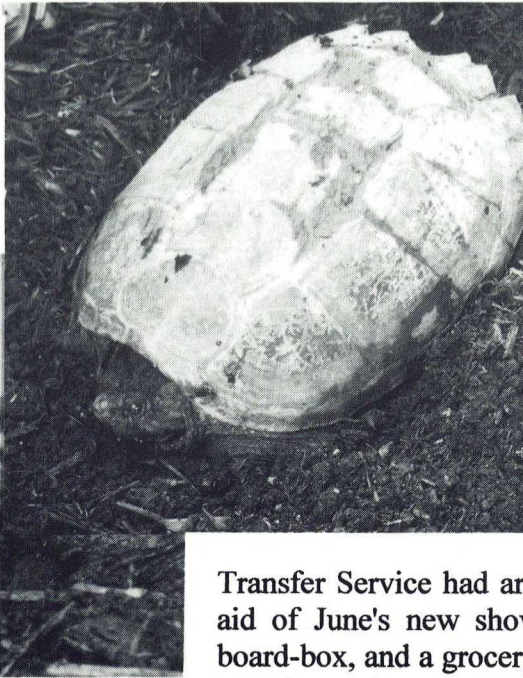
A Day Late

By Charlotte Hurtt and Bobby Kottler

Photos by Bob Davies

Friday was a beautiful day for Broadmead's House and Garden tour BUT one visitor, who has been known to procrastinate and has always been slow, arrived unexpectedly early Saturday morning. She was greeted first with a cacophony of bird sounds outside B-14 as all the birds flitted and fussed furiously above her. She had chosen to visit B Cluster because it was not far from her home. There she could visit Charlotte's one bedroom apartment, Bobbie's two bedroom one bath, and Weezie's two bedroom two baths. Also, she had heard there was some new garden work at each of these places.

The newly tilled soil at B-14 with its fresh mulch was easy for digging holes-- perhaps big enough to start a family???? But though she tried



many spots, she later gave up and moved on to B 16. Here was a great attraction!!! Weezie's cats were just inside the glass patio door! What interesting creatures they were! But soon she tired of staring at the cats and found a cool resting place behind Weezie's little red wagon.

Her energy restored toward evening, she decided to visit one more garden. Charlotte's was newly planted with vinca, so neat and evenly

spaced. How nice to dig and roll through the new mulch in the cool of the evening and enjoy Charlotte's handiwork.

BUT the House and Garden tour ended here. The R. and B. Cox

Transfer Service had arrived. With the aid of June's new shovel, a big card board-box, and a grocery cart, the early morning visitor, a huge snapping turtle,

was delivered to her original home on the shore of Western Run.

DONATION!

Submitted by Nancy Allchin

Last spring Eddie and Chris Slaughter donated their extensive collection of bird books to Broadmead's library. Agnes Visy has catalogued these books, about 170 in number. They are on special shelves in the alcove off the Seminar Room, next to the Bird and Nature Group books, and may be signed out for a month. Special thanks to the Slaughters for this generous donation.

OPHELIA

By Sibylle Ehrlich

Triumphantly he emerges
from the underbrush, this Ophelia.
Silver gray beech leaves cling precariously
to coal black curls.
A verdant garland -vine - or is it
Columbine? -

Entwines his neck
And violets lie crushed beneath his paws.
No weepy, watery grave for this Ophelia.
His hound's heart beats a jubilant "Yes!"
To the joys of balls, of love, of life.

THE ETHICS AND POLITICS OF STEM CELL RESEARCH

By Gretel Weiss

The Open Forum's speaker on May 9, 2005 was Dr. Ruth R. Faden, Philip Franklin Wagley, Professor of Biomedical Ethics and Executive Director, Phoebe R. Berman Bioethics Institute, The Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Faden pointed out that there are two extremely controversial issues in the ethics of embryonic stem cell research. They are 1) the moral controversy about the use of embryos and 2) cloning for research. The discovery in 1998 to derive embryonic stem cell lines opened up many possibilities for treatment. The transformation of undifferentiated cells into specific cells may lead to regenerative medicine. All lines are derived from the inner cell mass of very early human embryos (5-7 days), and thus the embryo is destroyed. The question is, is it ethical? Is a human embryo a life? And has living human tissue the same moral worth as the rest of us?

Everyone agrees that to kill a child or an adult is morally wrong. Is it justifiable in an early embryo? There are two extreme views: Is it wrong to destroy an embryo because human life begins at conception, and at the other end of the spectrum, a human embryo has no particular moral status. Dr. Faden pointed out that the latter point of view exists both in Islam and in Orthodox Judaism up to about 14 days as well as in Buddhism and Hinduism. For other religions the issue is different and varies all over the place. The middle ground says that it is not a human life, and it is o.k. to use the embryo if it might do some real good. Another issue is the location of the embryo. In a dish it is going to die unless it is transplanted into a uterus. Thus some think that it is morally wrong to interfere with an embryo in the uterus but perhaps not if it is in a dish.

Dr. Faden then addressed the issue of cloning. There is no great outcry about reproductive cloning; it is generally agreed that it should not be done. However, one should be able to use the technique to produce stem cell lines, i.e. cells from patients with Parkinson's. Research cloning helps us to understand the disease process better. For example, if the process is promising the stem cell lines

could be reintroduced into the patient, and there would be no rejection. The question is, can you regulate research cloning so that it does not lead to reproductive cloning or genetic manipulation of the next generation.

Concerning politics Dr. Faden pointed out that President Bush prohibits the use of Federal money except for cell lines derived before 2001. The research is not illegal but cannot use NIH money. The effect is enormous because much research is done at NIH. Also the approved lines are old and have become less useful. It would be unethical to use these lines in human beings when they are too damaged.

Dr. Faden answered a number of questions from the floor. Later in the day there was an important announcement about some successful stem cell research in So. Korea. After Dr. Faden's talk, we could understand the news much better.

Max Kampelman

By Sam Legg

Max Kampelman, distinguished diplomat who led several U.S. delegations in international negotiations, mainly with the Soviet Union, and who was the founder and first moderator of "Washington Week in Review", spoke to our Forum on May 12, exhibiting extraordinary sensitivity to varying political positions. He made his own convictions clear while at the same time clearly indicating understanding for those holding differing opinions. Many of us found ourselves differing substantially with him on the contemporary situation in this country. At the same time, we had to admire the breadth of his knowledge and the solid reasoning behind his conclusions. We ended agreeing with his supporters that he has given us a fabulous lesson in how to consider and discuss difficult human problems with dignity and concern for others. We were fascinated by his ability to exhibit so effortlessly but so effectively the importance of tact and caring in diplomacy, to say nothing of daily life.

Comparisons are odious and all that, but most of us are convinced that Max Kampelman's talk at Broadmead was one of our best.

TERRORISTS!

By John & Ann Michener

The security coverage was impressive. As we entered the BWI parking garage from the skywalk elevator we stepped into a milling swarm of security officers. A white Subaru parked next to the elevator was blocked in by three police cars parked bumper to bumper behind it and within inches of its rear bumper. More police cars were standing nearby, apparently ready for instant pursuit of anyone fleeing the scene. Five more armed security officers were rolling about on Segways and several others were on foot. More interestingly, there were officers on both sides of the Subaru. Another officer, leaning over the parapet at the edge of the garage, was looking downward towards a flashing blue light of what could have only been more security vehicles stopped in the traffic lanes directly below.

It all was rather bewildering. What had we stumbled into?

It was also obvious that the police were surprised and somewhat disconcerted by our sudden appearance. It was almost 11 :30 p.m. and our parking level, which did not connect directly with any skywalks, was almost completely empty of cars other than the white Subaru.

Perhaps our appearance also confused them. I (John) was pushing the BRA wheelchair in which Ann was seated. She was holding a bouquet of garden flowers from our son, David, who had just flown in. He had picked them from his garden in Ann Arbor, carried them to Detroit, put them in the overhead luggage compartment on his flight to Baltimore, and then given them to Ann as we met him coming through the security gate. Needless to say, they were somewhat wilted. David, himself, has a reddish beard, a full head of reddish hair, and had on a well-worn wide brimmed hat. Collectively, the three of us were an unusual looking lot.

We thought it best not to stop to ask but just go through the swarm of officers, get our car, and leave. The officers looked at us quizzically as we approached the Subaru. Then came the question, "Is this your car?" Our affirmative response was met with a smile and a soft, "It's a nice car." As Ann got into the car and I started putting the wheelchair into the Subaru's cargo area the officer added, "We'll get right out of your way!"

The security cars were moved enough for us to back out of the parking spot and head for the nearby garage exit. As we left we speculated about what had been going on and whether the Baltimore Sun would carry any news item the next morning casting some light on what appeared to have been a serious security matter.

In the middle of the night the revelation came. Not being sure of just where the Northwestern counters were in the main terminal, where or on what levels the skywalks came into the garage, we had driven around on different parking levels in the largely empty garage looking here and there, and in the process had passed hundreds of vacant parking spaces. What had appeared to be inexplicable behavior had obviously been picked up by the security cameras, and the strange behavior became even more suspicious when we parked adjacent to an elevator with quick access to an exit. **WE had been suspected terrorists!**

What would have happened had we not looked so unthreatening and been so unintimidated?

THE OLDEST GOLDFISH

By Ruth S. Williams

In North Yorkshire was a fish
Who lived to be forty- three
Older than other goldfish
And almost older than me.

They called her their little Tish
A name both simple and plain
Quite fitting for a wee fish
With a most limited brain.

They fed her raisins and rice,
Sweet cakes and hot fudge sundaes,
Strawberries, sugar and spice,
And that was only Mondays.

She outlived her young brother,
Sisters Dot, Doris, and Dee,
Six aunts, father, and mother,
And she might have outlived me.

Then her mistress got a cat,
AND THAT WAS THAT!

BALTIMORE HUMOR

Provided by Don Smyth, from the Internet

A guy from Baltimore dies and is sent to Hell. He had been a horrible man his entire life. The devil puts him to work breaking up rocks with a sledgehammer. To make it worse he cranks up the temperature and the humidity. After a couple of days, the devil checks in on his victim to see if he is suffering adequately. The devil is aghast as the Baltimorean is happily swinging his hammer and whistling a happy tune.

The devil walks up to him and says, "I don't understand this. I've turned the heat way up, it's humid, you're crushing rocks; why are you so happy?"

The Baltimorean, with a big smile, looks at the devil and replies, "This is great! It reminds me of August in Baltimore, hot, humid, a good place to work. It reminds me of home. This is fantastic!"

The devil, extremely perplexed, walks away to ponder the Baltimorean's remarks. Then he decides to drop the temperature, send down a driving rain and torrential wind. Soon, Hell is a wet, muddy mess. Walking in mud up to his knees with

dust blowing into his eyes, the Baltimorean is happily slogging through the mud pushing a wheelbarrow full of crushed rocks.

Again, the devil asks how he can be happy in such ~ conditions.

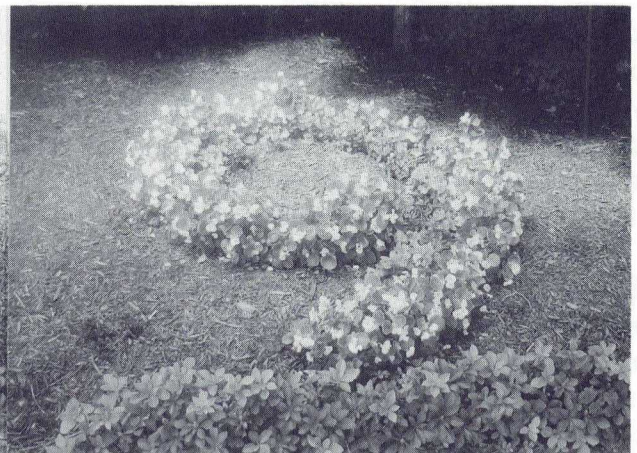
The Baltimorean replies, "This is great! It is just like April in Baltimore. It reminds me of working out in the yard with spring planting!"

The devil is now completely baffled but more determined to make the Baltimorean suffer. He makes the temperature plummet. Suddenly Hell is blanketed in snow and ice. Confident that this will surely make the Baltimorean unhappy, the devil checks in on him. He is again aghast at what he sees. The Baltimorean is dancing, singing, and twirling his sledgehammer as he cavorts in glee".

How can you be so happy? Don't you know its 40 below zero!?" screams the devil.

Jumping up and down the Baltimorean throws a snowball at the devil and yells, "Hell has frozen over!! This means the Orioles will win the World Series!!"

We have creative gardeners at Broadmead. John Student's entrance is one example. There's no need to tell you which cluster or cottage number is his.



HITHER, THITHER, AND YAWN

With Foxy Georgia

Well, old chums, here we are facing September, and whatever happened to July and August? While you guys were hitting the beaches and the woods "way up thar" were we ever busy?? when does retirement really start?. Think Broadmead should call it by its right name. How about Bee Hive Village??

Lotsa trips kept the roads hot. An intrepid gang of sports went to Cal Ripkin's ballpark. Betsy Spragins and her knock-out son (we gals are never too old to appreciate that stuff), Bette and Ed Byerly, Bob Herrmann, Joan Tapely, Margaret Proctor, Joan and Jonas Rapoport, Ginny Cooley, Bill Eddison and, den mother Ann Remington, to mention a few, now sport Iron Bird Caps. Trusty Trustee Dale Varner showed up to join in the fun, (now we know where he hangs out on Sunday afternoons). Wilbert was working on the 'largest ice-cream cone seen anywhere, looked mighty good! Another group went all the way to Hagerstown to see that little gem of a museum under the wing of Lehman Guyton, and were they impressed!! And one more {pant, pant} the Camera Club had a snappy time in New Castle Del, with remarkable fotos to prove it. Gwen Marable tooted off to Zanesville (Ohio or Indiana?) to a Bannecker reunion, taking with her an album of quilts, with the signature all worked in... what a treasure!

Sights to be seen... Anne Cromwell's flowery birthday hat cake make it almost worth getting to be 29, eh Anne? The outstanding room which Janet and Lee Greenwald have painted a marvelous red in their apartment.... a real show stopper!! Get yourself invited to see it, it's a must!! tourjours gai!! The library ladies have organized and filled a beautiful set of bookshelves in the Main Lounge with large print book and mysteries,... a tremendous undertaking engineered by Agnes Visy, Paula Balser, Margaret Tylor, Sallie Burbank and other worker bees. However, the Golden Book Award goes to Harry Jones who maintains one of Broadmead's greatest treasures, the Paper Back Room, - no fines, no overdue notices, and an unbelievable variety for your reading pleasure. Ain't we lucky?? Theo Easter has been given the Tsetse Swatter award for her faithful and loving(?) wrapping of Marjorie Rhoades lilies while Marjorie was off on an exotic hunt for ruins. Not enough ruins around here to satisfy you, Marjorie?

The hallways in the main building are beginning to look like a Nascar meet... **Are the amigo crowd given any instructions?** Too many near misses! If they continue to speed, how about crash helmets suitably inscribed *momento mori*.

Sally Bloomer got a good square dance going... so well attended and so, much fun... too bad the dance floor is so limiting as to dancers. Could a rotating system be set up to give the wall flowers a break?!!

Play time... big success... We had 2 spectacular productions and plans are in store for more in the fall. Donna Smith and her Tony award cast were followed by Nancy Boyce and Sally Crosby and their stellar cast. Both productions were so well done, the audience keeps wanting more... It's fun on both sides of the footlights, so hope some of you will volunteer to undertake an evening .. It doesn't hurt a bit !!

So much talent around here; Carolyn Underwood's exhibition amazes us with her ability to catch a clear resemblance... Ellie Hobleman set up an exhibition, in the glass case, of the creamie class... most impressive... Incidentally, it's Ellie's last production; she is retiring after more years than you can imagine, and Nancy Boyce will be filling her shoes... So dig out some goodies for future shows... Liz Jackson continues to turn out the most impressive artwork from her Art 101 group. And a wonderful treat, for those folk who live near Cluster M... they can hear Jean Wilson, and Mary Venos and 2 of their friends who have formed a string quartet... Are we lucky to have such visual and musical treats... Many more talents are out there, and, believe me, I am going to keep you posted.

The Master Plan has us all hopping and we are all looking forward to all the changes promised... The Main Dining room seems to in for a big overhaul. Kitty Stierhoff and her committee are working hard. Let's us pray that, with the big makeover, the servers uniforms will be improved. One suggestion was white golf shirts with the Broadmead logo, black pants (skirt) and get rid of the coverall apron; neato! If this gets the nod, we diners need to tidy up also... . Whaddaya say, kids? Let's hear from you.

Just a couple of last minute thoughts, such as they are... actually in keeping with the weather, they are burning questions: Why are the hall and public rooms kept at 68, forcing us all to wear sweaters? Energy conservation group, take note.

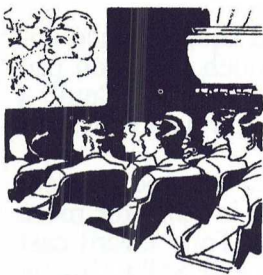
Have you seen Larry Schneider's skillfully carved eagle which he gave to Broadmead? It's hanging in the Administration office, over a desk which has a complementary inlaid eagle on the lid. Go look; you will be impressed.

Have you heard? Betty Byerly has been nominated for the Platinum Winsome Weeder Award... and in that heat!! Whatta gal!! Wow!!

All eyes are focused (as much as possible) on the transportation project... Fran Beasley has a walker seat, handy for passengers... it opens up to carry all her Voice editorial stuff... neato kiddo.

Finally, (and you thought I would never get there.): FASHION SHOW.. Wednesday Sept 28 MDR. lunchtime... fair warning... so look alert!!!

Gotta stop now! Deadline looms.. anyway nuff said eh?.



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel & Leo Wiess

Saturday Movies by
Betsy Douglas &
Jeanne Stephenson

September 3 THE BROWNING VERSION
1951 5 Stars 89 minutes NR

An English Schoolmaster, embittered by lack of appreciation from his peers and an unraveling marriage, is redeemed by a young student's gift. Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick

September 6 CHOCOLAT
2000 3 ½ Stars 124 minutes PG 13

A young woman moves into a small town in France with her daughter. She opens a chocolate shop but she meets much hostility from the townspeople who are under strict domination by the local Count which leads to interesting developments. Juliette Binoche, Judi Dent

September 13 SPANGLISH
2004 3 ½ Stars 129 minutes PG 13

Adam Sandler, a world-class chef, hires a new housekeeper who recently emigrated from Mexico with her daughter. She has to struggle to keep her daughter from losing her heritage. Adam Sandler, Tea Leoni, Chloris Leachman

September 17 THE HORSE WHISPERER
1998 4 Stars 168 minutes PG 13

A teen age girl is traumatized in an accident while riding her horse, "Pilgrim". Her mother drives horse and daughter to Montana in search of a "Horse Whisperer", famed for his attempts to heal both animal and human wounds. Robert Redford, Kristin Scott-Thomas, Scarlett Johansson

September 20 VANITY FAIR
2004 3 ½ Stars 140 minutes PG13

Becky Sharp defies her poverty-stricken background and ascends the social ladder along side her best friend, Amelia. Reese Witherspoon, Ramola Garai

Sept. 27

**GIRL WITH A PEARL
EARRING**

2004 4 Stars 95 minutes PG 13

Griet, a teenage girl, leaves her family to become a servant in the household of the painter Vermeer in the town of Delft. She catches his eye and this complicates his relationship with his wife and his benefactor when he crafts her portrait. Scarlett Johansson, Colin Feith

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the Auditorium at 7:00 pm

By Margaret Proctor

September 10th

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"

Gathered by our very own cat bird

Steve Simon

*

September 24th

"HOW IT FEELS TO STARVE"

Sam Legg

Explains how, where, and why

*

ALL ARE WELCOME



BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

By Nancy Starnes

Monday, September 5th at 10:30 am
In the Auditorium

"SAILING "THE WINE DARK SEA: WHY THE GREEKS MATTER"

By Thomas Cahill

*

The discussion will be led by
The Reverend Dr. George Gray Toole
Retired Pastor of the Towson Presbyterian Church

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday, September 8th at 7:00 pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

*

Sunday, September 11th at 2:00 pm

CELTIC MUSIC

Gregory Stuart and Teresa Castracne

Vocal and instrument

*

*All Welcome,
In the Auditorium*

LET'S DANCE



By Walter Lane

**With the
George Hipp Trio**

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music.

Monday, September 12th

at 7:00 pm

In the Lounge

NOTICE:

**A large print copy of all
BRA minutes will be available
in the library and on the bulletin board**

OPERA VIDEO

By Harry Blumenthal

Friday September 23rd in the auditorium, 7 pm

"Rigoletto"

By Giuseppe Verdi

Opera in Three Acts

A film with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
and chorus of the Vienna State Opera,
starring Luciano Pavarotti, Ingmar Wixell,
Edita Gruberova

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

Fridays, at 7 pm in the Auditorium

September, 9th

"CURRENT ISSUES IN THE SUPREME COURT"

Byron L. Warnken Esq.

Associate Professor and Director,
Judicial Internship Program,
University of Baltimore School of Law

*

September 16th

"HISTORICAL PROBLEMS WITH SUPREME COURT CONFIRMATION"

Professor James O'Hara JD,

Trustee of Supreme Court (US) Historical
Society,
Professor (Retired) Loyola College

SPYGLASS LOW VISION SUP- PORT GROUP

By Teresa Gramling

Scott Holden

Vision Support Systems

Tuesday, September, 13th, 11am to noon

In the Auditorium

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 am

EPISCOPAL COMMUNION

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal
Church - York Road, Cockeysville

*

2nd Wednesday Every Month at 10:00 am

CATHOLIC MASS

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley

*

3rd Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am

PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION

Stony Run Activities Room – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church,
Ashland Avenue, Cockeysville

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

Sunday, in the Lounge

4:30 – 5:00 pm

*

The Reverend Peg Ferguson

Pastor, Brown Memorial Woodbrook

Presbyterian Church

September 18th

BIBLE STUDY

Tuesday, September 13th at 10:30 am

Fireplace Room

Led by

The Reverend Beverly Braine

Rector, Immanuel Episcopal Church

NEWLY ARRIVED RESIDENTS

Randell & Virginia McKechnie

B-2 410-771-6688

Margaret Brant

R-4 410-628-6115

John & Sue Carnell

A-13

Sally Boone

M-6

MOVING AROUND BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Ray Ackerman	TH-302	HH-235
Thelma Becherer	J-1	TH-314
Whitty Cuninggim	E-9	TH-370
Betty Douglas	R-6	P-11
Jane Earhart	E10	B-13
Betsy Griffin	M-7	Q-4
Pat Lawler	M-6	N-9

IN MEMORIAM

Martha E. Burton

December 14, 1911

May 14, 2005

Vivian I. Cord

June 21, 1914

May 28, 2005

Everitt B. Smith

January 5, 1926

June 8, 2005

Margaret H. Washington

May 10, 1908

June 8, 2005

Dorothy L. Clapp

December 27, 1917

August 7, 2005

NATIONAL TV AND BROADMEAD

By Fran Beasley

Photos courtesy of John Wilson

Broadmead has a loose connection with NBC and *The Today Show*! The Chesapeake Bay Beach Club was recently chosen to host the "Today" wedding. Annually, the bride and groom are elected by popular vote from hundreds of applicants, along with all that goes with the weddings: the gown, flowers, silver, china, etc. are picked in the same way. Katie Couric and Matt Lauer, hosts of the today show for the week of the wedding will be at the site. NBC will air segments of the Bay Area over the six weeks prior to the ceremony.

The Broadmead connection lies through the Wilson family, one of long standing here. John Wilson, son of Hannah Wilson (of Cluster H), is the Owner-Manager of The Chesapeake Bay Club. Hannah's sister, Beth Brown, was a well-known resident, as was their brother, Josh Rowe, and Josh's widow, Nancy - well known to all of us for, among other things, poems and articles in *The Voice* - is still very much with us.

John and his wife, Diedre, have owned The Chesapeake Beach Club for some six years now. They are native Baltimoreans who were married in the chapel of St. Paul's School but are now happily transplanted to The Eastern Shore, and, of course, they are excited about the big day to come... which will be September 16th.

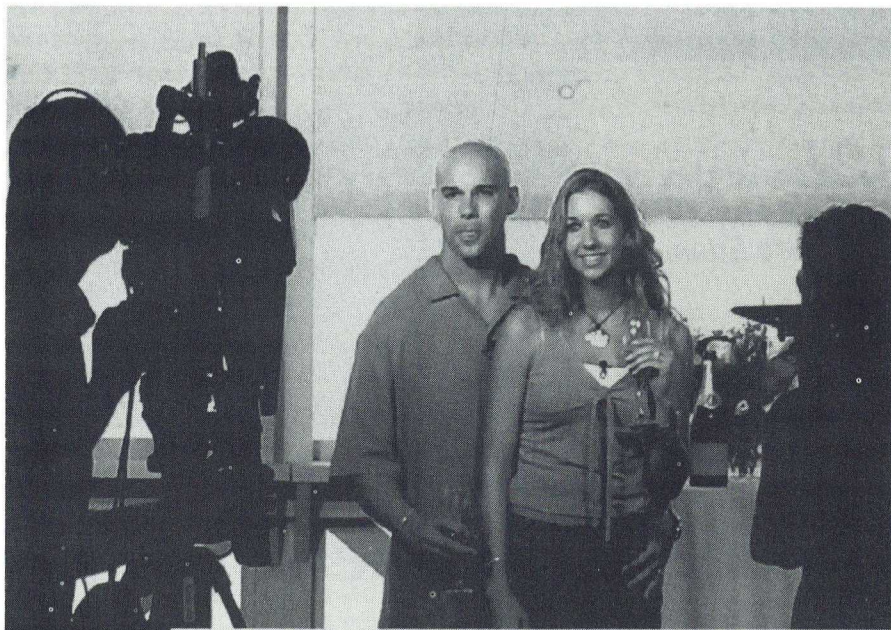
The wedding of Mark Dale and Sarah Raley will be featured that morning on *The Today Show*.

They and the whole crew will be there in Stevensville, just over The Bay Bridge, looking out over the water.

Enjoy the pictures here and overleaf, and be sure to watch the show on September 16th.

Left:

The Happy couple before the cameras.



Above:

An aerial view of the Chesapeake Beach Club, clearly showing its proximity to the Bay Bridge

(Continued from previous page.)

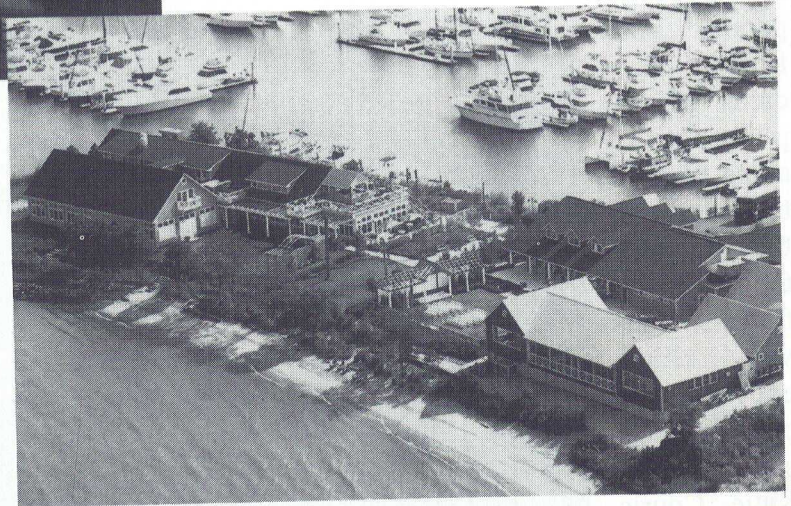
Left:

Ballroom of The Chesapeake Beach Club - an inviting venue for most any social affair.



Right:

Close-up aerial shot of the Chesapeake Beach Club - obviously a boater's Eden.



Below:

Proud mother Hannah with son John Wilson, club owner.



Broadmead

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